

NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE

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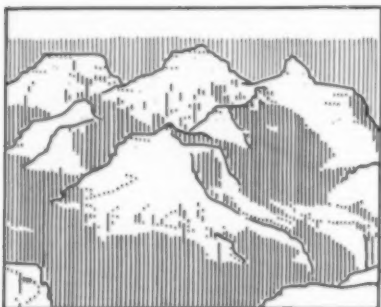
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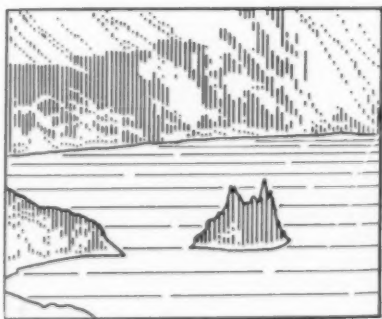


CANYON DE CHELLY NATIONAL MONUMENT—Page 107

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There is nothing so American as our national parks. The scenery and wildlife are native. The fundamental idea behind the parks is native. It is, in brief, that the country belongs to the people, that it is in process of making for the enrichment of the lives of all of us. The parks stand as the outward symbol of this great human principle.—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.



NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE

Published quarterly by The National Parks Association

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guarding America's heritage of scenic wilderness

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DEVEREUX BUTCHER, Editor

July-September 1953

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British Air Ministry

Dovedale, situated in the limestone country of Peak Park, is a world of still waters, lush vegetation and towering pinnacles.

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BRITAIN'S PEAK PARK

By JOHN FOSTER, Deputy Planning Officer

Peak Park Planning Board

THE visitor to the Peak might be forgiven for wondering from whence the district derives its picturesque, if misleading, name, for nowhere in the region is to be found a group of peaks or even one dominant peak to warrant such a title. Nevertheless, whatever may have been the origin, with the passage of time the term has become a pleasing and concise designation, distinguishing in a very definite way the highlands of Derbyshire from any of the other mountainous parts of Britain.

The southern part of the park, forming the limestone district of the White Peak, is a land of lovely wooded dales and rolling farmland studded with unspoilt stone villages. This is the setting of the incomparable Dovedale and Manifold Valley, and of the equally well-known lesser dales—Lathkill Dale, Monsal Dale, Cressbrook Dale and Millers Dale, to mention only a few. Here also is Bakewell, known to many as "The Capital of the Peak," and mellow limestone villages such as Tissington, Monyash, Youlgreave and Winster, the very names of which are a delight to the ear. Deep in the sheltered valleys, too, stand the great mansions of yesterday, Haddon Hall in all its mediaeval splendour beside the swift flowing waters of the Wye and, not many miles from it, overlooking the lovely Derwent, the majestic pile of Chatsworth House, its pristine Renaissance glory matched only by the magnificence of the gardens and parks around it.

Farther to the north is the beginning of the gritstone country where cold sombre stone outcrops or "edges" form the skylines, and where the farmsteads climbing up the hillsides lack something of the air of assurance of their neighbours in the south. Even on a bright summer day one knows instinctively that here the wind blows cold in winter. This part of the park

is centered on the broad Hope Valley, which itself contains a number of fine stone villages including Hathersage, Bamford and Castleton. The last named, located at the western end of the valley close under the Norman keep of Peveril Castle, is a particularly popular centre for exploring the many famous caverns and pot-holes which abound in the vicinity.

The wild bleak moorland which forms the northernmost district of the park is well named the Dark Peak. It consists of a high peaty tableland at about the 2000-foot level, intersected by deep and often waterlogged ditches or "grougs" and edged by black gritstone crags which sweep sheer up from the lower hill slopes far below. Despite the dangers attendant on being overtaken on these moors, either by low cloud or darkness, this area has an irresistible attraction for the hardier elements of the walking fraternity. The tiny old-world hamlet of Edale, situated below the southern escarpment of the Kinder plateau, already a well-known meeting place for climbers, has recently become noteworthy as the southern extremity of the Pennine Way, a new high-level walking route which will shortly extend continuously northwards from the Peak District along the backbone of England right to the Scottish Border.

The Peak District is situated at the southern extremity of the Pennine Range and forms a buffer of open country between the great industrial centers of the east and west Midlands. To the north lie the crowded cities of Lancashire and Yorkshire, places such as Bolton, Huddersfield and Bradford, and on the west is the great conurbation of Manchester; close to the eastern boundary are Sheffield and Chesterfield, and to the south lie Stoke, Derby and Nottingham.

The total area of the park is 542 square



A. Herriot Bakewell

Chatsworth House, near the town of Bakewell, is the traditional home of the Dukes of Devonshire. It is one of England's finest Renaissance mansions.

miles, its overall length in a north-south direction being approximately thirty-nine miles and its greatest breadth about twenty-four miles. The boundary is so drawn as to include as great an area of unspoilt country as possible, and consequently for no part of its length does this boundary coincide with that of a county, although wherever possible natural or man-made features have been followed for ease of identification.

Undoubtedly the most outstanding peculiarity of the general shape of the park is the long enclave extending south to Buxton and separating the peak District of Derbyshire in the east from the high country of Cheshire in the west. The exclusion of this area was necessary by reason of the existence in it of extensive and long standing quarrying operations. While it is unfortunate that Buxton, already a popular holiday centre for the Peak, should be outside the park, the National Parks Commission, backed by the terms of the Hobhouse Report, rightly considered that it would be quite wrong to include within a national park an area so urban in character and containing so much existing mineral development.

When James Bryce, who later became British Ambassador in Washington, unsuccessfully presented his first *Access to Mountains* (Scotland) bill to Parliament, in 1884, he could hardly have foreseen the far-reaching legislation which would one day spring from this small beginning. That the *National Parks and Access to the Countryside* Act, 1949, required more than half a century of unremitting effort on the part of many distinguished parliamentarians and responsible private individuals to bring to fruition, reflects no discredit on its protagonists, however, but rather is a measure of the weight of the opposition which had to be overcome. Unlike the United States, there is no public domain in Britain from which land for national parks can be taken and, consequently, many land-owners, fearing interference with their age-old rights, for long looked with suspicion, indeed often downright disfavour, upon the national park movement as something foreign to British land tenure.

However, enlightened counsel eventually prevailed and, in 1945, the late John Dower's *Report on National Parks in England and Wales* was presented to Parlia-

ment. This masterly document, the work of a man whose knowledge and love of the British countryside were profound, ably defines a national park as "... an extensive area of beautiful and relatively wild country in which, for the nation's benefit and by appropriate national decision and action, (a) the characteristic landscape beauty is strictly preserved, (b) access and facilities for open-air enjoyment are amply provided, (c) wild life and buildings and places of architectural and historic interest are suitably protected, while (d) established farming use is effectively maintained." The report recognized the importance of the Peak District as a potential national park and included it in a list of ten suggested park areas.

Following the Dower Report and embodying many of its recommendations, in 1947 came the report of the National Parks Committee (popularly known as the Hob-

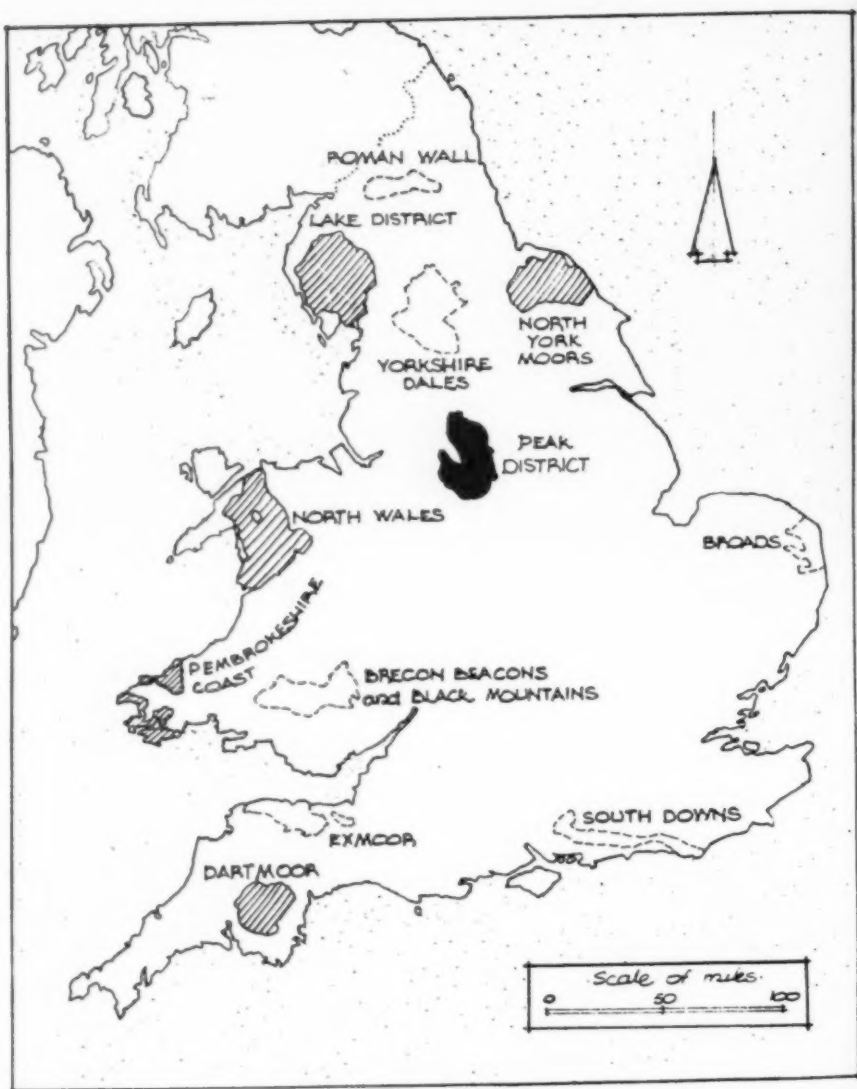
house Committee after the chairman, Sir Arthur Hobhouse). This proved to be the blue-print for the legislation which passed through Parliament two years later, and in it the Peak was listed along with the Lake District, Snowdonia and Dartmoor, these four areas to comprise the first instalment of twelve suggested national parks in England and Wales. The report did not cover Scotland, and even today national parks legislation for that country is still no more than a future dream.

When the National Parks Commission was set up in 1950, by the Minister of the Crown responsible to Parliament for the operation of the *National Parks Act*—at that time the Minister of Town and Country Planning and now the Minister of Housing and Local Government—priority consideration was given to the Peak, the Lake District and Snowdonia. On December 28, 1950, the Commission designated the Peak

Great Longstone is one of the delightful villages which are the rich heritage of the Peak District.

A. Herriot Bakewell






Peak Park, England's first national park, is shown in black, while other designated parks are hatched, with future parks indicated in outline.

National Park—the first national park to be established in Britain.

As the Peak Park includes parts of

Derbyshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, the West Riding of Yorkshire and Sheffield County Borough, it is not surprising that



Copyright photograph by R. A. Moore

From the southern escarpment of Kinder can be seen the wild, rolling summits of the park and, at right, the valley of Grindsbrook up which the route of the Pennine Way lies from Edale.

the establishment of the necessary local administrative machinery gave rise to some dispute. Three of the affected county councils publicly opposed the setting up of a joint board, which is the arrangement prescribed in the Act for national parks falling in parts of two or more counties. However, despite these objections, the Minister, with the full support of the National Parks Commission, held that a joint board was the proper vehicle of administration and, in August, 1951, made the necessary order setting up the Peak Park Planning Board.

The Board is a local planning authority in its own right, under the *Town and Country Planning Act, 1947*, with its own clerk, treasurer and planning officer, and is responsible for the control of all development which takes place within the national park and for the preparation, in consultation with the National Parks Commission, of a twenty year development plan.

Whereas the American national parks are mainly located in remote and often

completely uninhabited country, the areas of the national parks in England and Wales have been settled for centuries in all but their most mountainous parts. In the Peak Park alone a population of more than 43,500 persons is busily engaged in a wide variety of local industrial, commercial and agricultural pursuits. The problems of the Peak Park Planning Board and the U. S. National Park Service are therefore somewhat different, although the same high ideals motivate the policies and actions of both bodies. In the Peak the basic problem is not so much one of keeping all potential industry outside the park as of so limiting industrial development (particularly mineral working) that a sound local economy can be happily reconciled with the Board's clearly defined duty under the National Parks Act of preserving and enhancing the natural beauty of the landscape.

The existence of large quantities of good quality limestone over a considerable part
(Continued on page 132)

DRAGONS IN MINIATURE

By RUTH and LOUIS KIRK

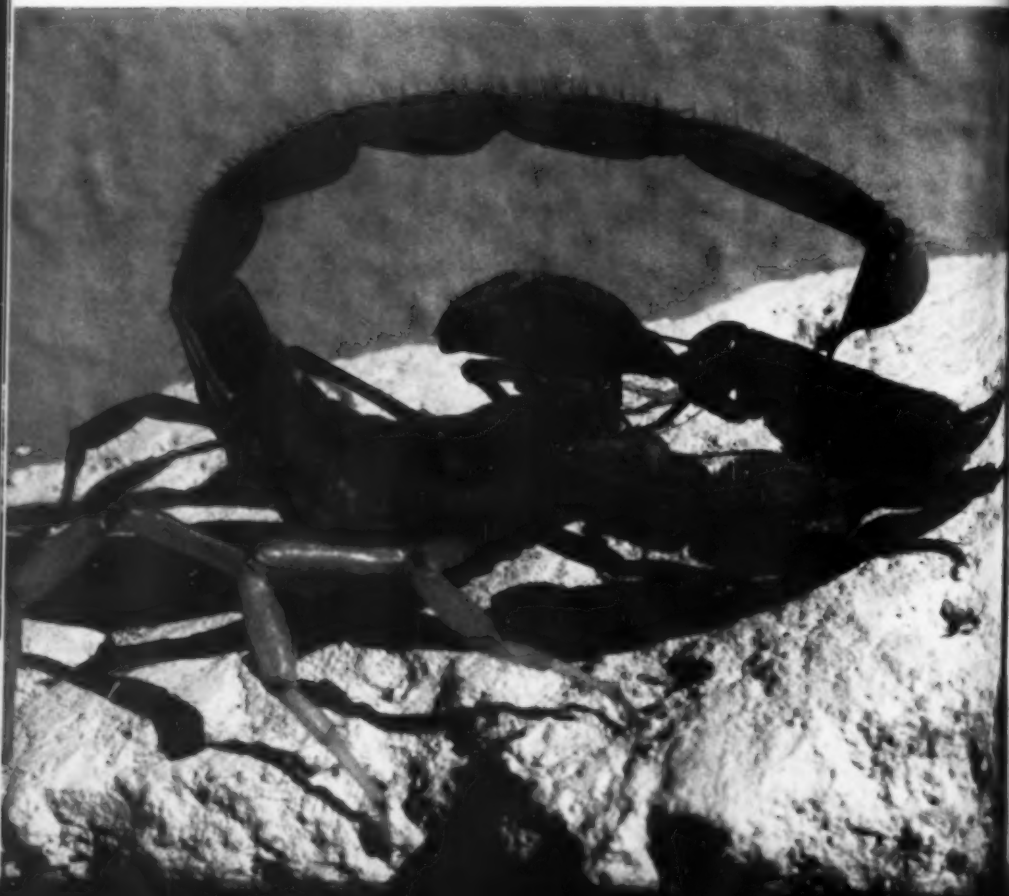
Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument

Photographs by the Authors

SCORPIONS have a bad reputation—and they deserve it! Armed with powerful pincers and needle-sharp stingers, they look like small replicas of the Land of Fantasy's horrible dragons, and they seem willing to live up to their formidable appearance by being eager to fight on the slightest provocation.

Undoubtedly they would prefer to be left alone instead of put in a position calling for self defense, but be that as it may, when a scorpion is disturbed it will dance about in an alarming manner, lashing out viciously with its tail. Often before a person has time to realize that he is offending one of the little creatures, a scorpion's stinger

Scorpion stings cricket.





Scorpion devours spider.

will have found its mark. The chances are that the sting, like that of a bee or wasp, will be only locally swollen and painful and not really serious. That is, unless one should happen to be in southern Arizona when stung.

There are over 600 species of scorpions throughout the world's warmer climates, and forty distinct species are found in the United States distributed over three fourths of the nation. Only two species in this country are known to be systemically poisonous, and both of these dwell in southern Arizona and immediately adjacent parts of bordering states. Here they have been responsible for more deaths than all other stings and bites combined, including snakes, spiders, gila monsters, and insects. Over 1500 cases of scorpion bites were treated by Arizona doctors in a single ten-month period. Fourteen percent of these

cases required hospitalization, but fortunately there were no fatalities.

The sting of these comparatively small, light-colored species is often fatal to young children and may make even a robust adult ill for several days. Effective antivenin has been developed and work is being carried on by The Poisonous Animals Research Laboratory, at Arizona State College. The laboratory points out that immediate treatment is important in case of a sting from a poisonous scorpion, and it suggests that effective first aid may be rendered by placing a ligature toward the heart from the sting and covering the entire afflicted area with ice, or better yet, submerging it in iced water, for at least two hours. The ligature must of course be removed after five or ten minutes. When traveling in areas where ice is not readily obtainable, it is possible to carry convenient metal tubes of

ethyl chloride to be used in rapidly reducing the body temperature at the place of injury.

During the daytime scorpions usually seek shelter under rocks, in cracks of logs, or in holes dug into loose soil. However, at night they go in search of soft-bodied insects and spiders, which they avidly devour. Lacking such prey as this, they are sometimes cannibalistic. One of the most lively and brutal battles imaginable is that of a pair of evenly matched scorpions.

They are capable of exceedingly quick and agile movement and, on sighting a prospective dinner, will dart toward it and pounce upon the unwary insect almost faster than the eye can follow. Firmly holding the struggling prey in its pincers, a scorpion will then thrust forward its stinger-tipped tail to make a toxic injection with all the precision and finesse of a doctor giving a hypodermic. Somehow they seem invariably to know just where to inflict the mortal wound.

Once the poison has taken effect, a scorpion will scurry away to a secluded spot to enjoy its meal. The victim is torn apart bit by bit by the scorpion's pincer-like jaws and is slowly stuffed and sucked into its cavernous anterior. Periodically, little balled-

up bits of exoskeleton and other well-chewed but evidently unpalatable portions are spat out, while the hapless insect is turned this way and that in the scorpion's pincers to bring the choicest morsels within reach. In a single night's feeding a scorpion may consume considerably more than its own bulk, but on the other hand if the hunting is poor it is entirely capable of going without food for weeks at a time without apparent discomfort or loss of vitality.

The young are born alive in the late spring or early summer. Pin-head in size, and of a delicate translucent white, they cling to their mother's back for the first several days of life. Then, after their first moult, they set forth for themselves—minute monsters somehow comically appealing as they brashly assume the menacing pose of their kind and lash out with their tiny tails.

Among the desert-dwelling Shoshone Indians, this stance has earned for scorpions the name *Wah'-oo-zuh-bee*, meaning "one who strikes out." It is an appropriate designation, for while they may not be as ferocious or poisonous as many people imagine them to be, none the less scorpions seem unusually quick to "strike out" either offensively or defensively.

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR QUETICO-SUPERIOR

The ban on airplanes flying into the Superior Roadless Area has been upheld again.

In December, 1949, President Truman signed an executive order establishing an air space reservation over the roadless areas of the Superior National Forest, Minnesota, (See *Wilderness Victory*, in NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE for April-June 1950). The order prohibited airplanes from flying below 4000 feet above the area.

As a result of repeated violations of the executive order by resort owners inside the wilderness, a trial was held, and the right of the President to establish the air space reservation was sustained by Federal Judge Gunnar Nordbye (See *Airplanes and the Superior* in the October-December 1952 issue). Since that time, violations have continued. The 1953 Minnesota Legislature introduced a resolution asking President Eisenhower to rescind President Truman's order. The resolution failed. Letters were then sent directly to the White House, but Bernard Shanley, special counsel to the President, replied that the ban was in the public interest and that no action by the President was in prospect.

More recently, the court of appeals at Saint Louis has upheld the decision of Judge Nordbye, that resort areas that can be reached only by air must be closed.

Canyon de Chelly National Monument

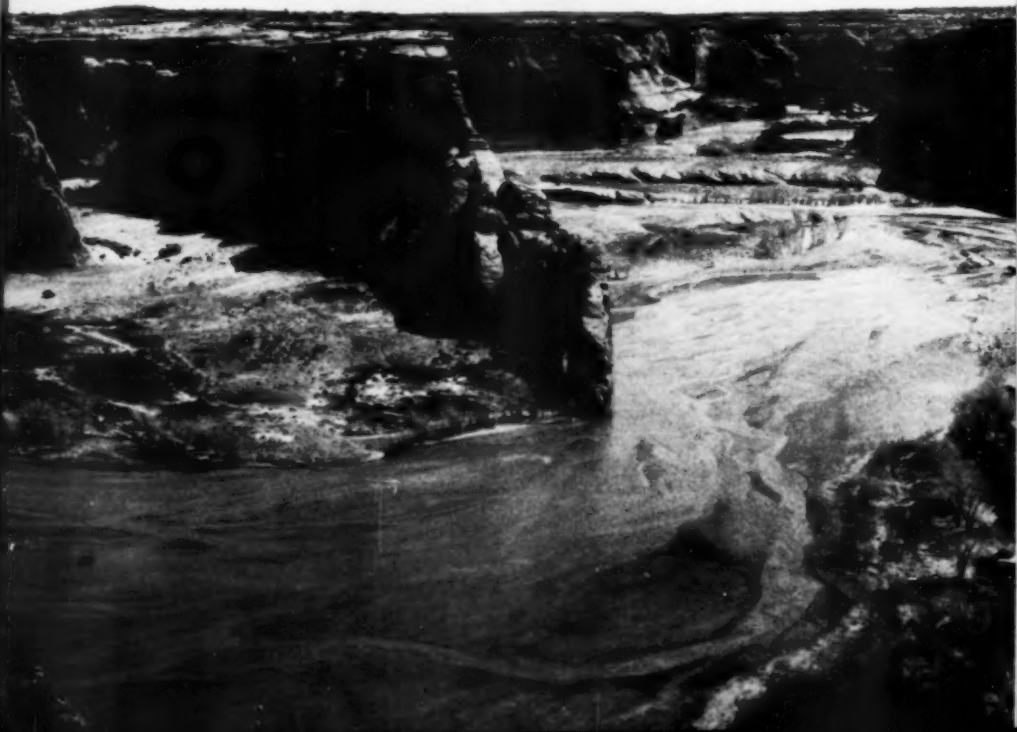
Photographs by Devereux Butcher

FIFTY-FIVE MILES of main canyons comprise here a scenic wonder second to none. Yet, this is not all; for set in cliff cavities and on canyon floors are the sites and ruins of prehistoric dwellings. Furthermore, this monument, comprising 131 square miles in northeastern Arizona, is Navajo Indian Reservation land, and as long as the reservation exists, the monument area will belong to the Navajos.

So overwhelming is the scenery that, as you emerge upon a rim overlook, you may not at first notice a tiny hogan (Indian home) nestled in a bay of the cliffs; or a miniature peach orchard tucked into some sheltering cove; squaws tending flocks of white goats, or perhaps an Indian riding

his horse across the stream bed. Specks in the vastness, these lend scale and interest to the landscape. The canyons spread out below you, their rust red walls and rock masses having unimaginable variety of form, line and contour. Here the water course, flowing in a network of interlacing channels, sweeps in graceful curves around massive monoliths; there it hugs the base of a cliff; beyond, it is joined by a stream emerging from the towering portal of a branch canyon. Stream banks and little islands are grown with cottonwoods, pale gray in winter, matching the sand; bright green in spring, turning yellow in autumn; while in contrast, somber forests of pines and junipers cover the canyon rims.

After climbing from Chinle, the visitor sees this panorama from the first overlook.





Cloud shadows and sunshine create dramatic lighting on the 800-foot spire of Spider Rock.



Canyon de Chelly makes a wide curve along the cliff in which White House ruin is set. The scene below shows a giant gateway in the canyon just above White House ruin.





From Spider Rock overlook, there is a view into Monument Canyon, which branches from Canyon de Chelly at this point.

Potomac Valley Recreation Project

By ANTHONY WAYNE SMITH, Member
Executive Committee, National Parks Association

Last spring, Mr. Smith and his wife made a thorough on-the-ground study of the Potomac Valley, between Hancock and Cumberland, along the winding mountainous section through which it has been proposed to construct a highway. The Smiths then presented a plan for developing the valley for recreation, but without the road. This plan was submitted to the Association's Executive Committee and it was approved. It is given here in condensed form:

THE canal and adjacent trails could be put in condition without difficulty for the many interests that naturalists and recreationists have. In time it should be possible to develop summer cabin grounds and lodges. . . . Simultaneous development of state-owned forest lands in the mountains and adjacent to the river for similar camping and compatible recreation purposes could be meshed into the C and O Canal development, resulting in a recreation project from mountain tops to river bank.

With publicity from both governments (state and federal), large numbers of vacationists would be brought into the region, and the small towns which are now surviving on a marginal economy would become prosperous. The entire East for hundreds of miles around would take interest in it, and it would become a mecca for recreationists from many eastern states.

This program contemplates keeping the C and O properties in relatively natural condition and avoiding the construction of a road on or parallel to the canal. It would look toward the development of access roads to the canal. If a paved road is run along the canal, recreational possibilities outlined above will be destroyed, and the property will be turned into a motorized operation of the kind of which we already have too many.

The Potomac Valley Recreation Project proposal would utilize the federal funds

which would otherwise be expended on the road (about \$9,000,000) for access roads, camp and picnic grounds, and for restoration of the historic structures. It would call on the State of Maryland to contribute the additional lands which have been contemplated under the roadway proposal. Thus the State of Maryland would get a recreational program; the expenditure of the federal government would be reduced; present recreation values would not be destroyed, and the economy of the region would be given a greater lift than would be accomplished by the roadway plan.

There is no need for a new through-way. The proposed road would never be used to any great extent. U. S. Highway 40 takes most of the traffic. Routes 51 and 453 take any extra load and meet all local needs. The proposed road along the canal would be a callous waste of public funds.

As a result of a combination of unfortunate pressures, the Maryland Legislature has been induced (April, 1953) to authorize the expenditure of state funds to purchase (certain adjoining lands), but with the expectation that the federal government will spend the \$9,000,000 on the proposed road. The amount to be made available by the state is trivial in comparison with the federal contribution; this is a boon-doggie, with Uncle Sam paying the piper as usual. If the recreation project is to go forward, authorization and appropriations for construction of the road must be blocked. This

can be done only if all people will communicate with their senators and congressmen at the Senate and House office buildings, Washington, D. C., and urge that they vote against any appropriations for the road. They should call for congressional authorization of the Potomac Valley Recreation Project described herein, without any paved road along the canal.

Such people should also make their views known to Mr. Conrad L. Wirth, Director of the National Park Service, Department of the Interior, Washington 25, D. C., under whose jurisdiction the management of the C and O land falls. Because of the way this matter has been pushed through the Maryland Legislature, there is little time to be lost.

Bird-watching is one of several important recreational activities enjoyed along the wooded canal strip by city dwellers.

Irston R. Barnes



Historic C and O Canal Threatened by Road

By IRSTON R. BARNES, President

Audubon Society of the District of Columbia, Inc.

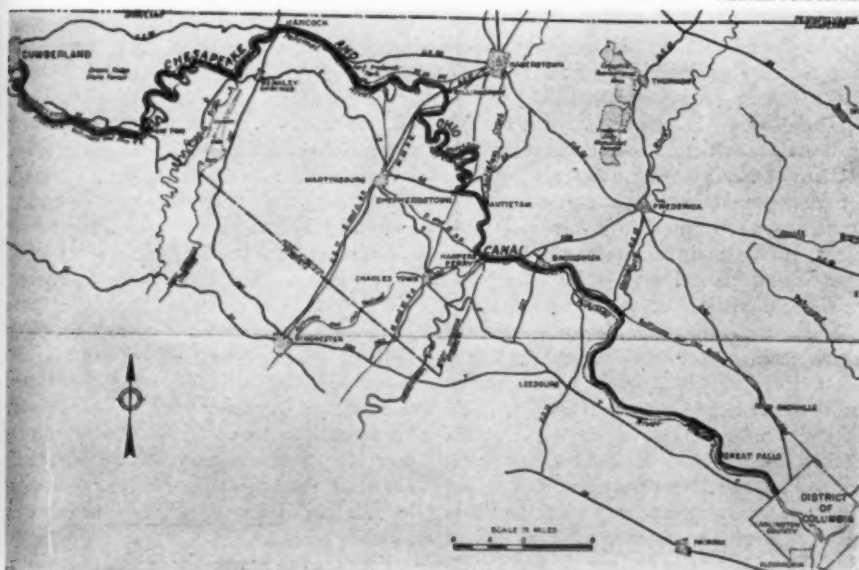
THE Chesapeake and Ohio Canal is unique among National Park Service areas. It is one of the most famous historical features in the East; it was acquired by the federal government, with the declared purpose of preserving it as an unaltered example of the great era of canal building. It is singularly important because of its proximity to a great city, the nation's capital. It is unique in the profile which it traces along 186 scenic miles of the largely unspoiled Potomac River. It is unequalled in the rich variety of invitations which it extends to all who enjoy the outdoors for hiking, bicycling, canoeing, picnicking, and pursuing natural history

interests in plants, birds, mammals, and rocks, from tidewater at Washington, D. C., to the Alleghenies at Cumberland, Maryland.

The C and O Canal strip, accessible throughout the year to more than a million city folk, is also unique in the neglect which it has suffered since it was placed in the care of National Capital Parks, a division of the National Park Service. It is most unhappily unique in the betrayal of its destiny by the Park Service itself, through plans sponsored by officials of the Park Service to destroy this priceless historic and recreational park by debasing its status to the level of a mere motor highway.

The C and O Canal follows the Potomac Valley between Washington, D. C., and Cumberland, Maryland. The first demand of the road proponents is to build a highway between Cumberland and Hancock.

National Park Service





National Park Service

This view taken near Weaverton, Maryland, looks upstream and shows the canal at left of the railroad. The road at right leads to Harpers Ferry.

The C and O Canal is a monument to a great and exciting chapter in the nation's history—the first sustained drive to open the West, the country beyond the Alleghenies, to settlement—to connect the vast interior to the growing cities of the East. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, transport was limited to rivers and turnpikes, costly and uncertain routes for a growing commerce.

The completion of the Erie Canal, in 1825, brought on rivalry among seaboard cities, each anxious to secure access to the West. George Washington's plans for improvement of the Potomac River itself had proved inadequate to support traffic except during high water. With new hope and courage, a canal was projected to connect the Potomac at tidewater, with the Ohio at Pittsburgh, a distance of 360 miles! With President John Quincy Adams break-

ing ground, construction was started on July 4, 1828.

The building of the C and O Canal was a tremendous undertaking. It was also a succession of crises—financial difficulties, labor troubles, and the canal company found itself racing with the new Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for a right-of-way along the narrow water-level stretch of river bank.

The first section, Little Falls to Seneca, was opened in 1830. Twenty years elapsed before the canal reached Cumberland, in October 1850. There it stopped, for by midcentury the railroads had demonstrated their superior capacity to reach interior towns and to move traffic swiftly. Moreover, the canal company had exhausted its financial resources. In reaching Cumberland, it had expended \$11,000,000, or some \$60,000 a mile.

For many years, the canal furnished

cheap transportation for the farms and mines of western Maryland. In 1871, the peak in canal traffic, 540 boats carried some 850,000 tons. Thereafter, competition from the railroads brought about a decline in the fortunes of the canal. The floods of 1889 caused damage and forced the company into bankruptcy. Nevertheless, the canal remained open until 1924, when operations were finally terminated. From that year until 1938, it remained sad and neglected.

In September, 1938, the federal government purchased the C and O property, which had been pledged by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, as security for a loan for \$2,000,000. The right-of-way varied in width from thirty to 900 feet, averaging about 230 feet, and contained 5253 acres. The incorporation of the canal into the National Park Service's system of areas,

with the announced purpose of preserving it as an unaltered example of the great American canal-building era, appeared to open a new destiny for the famous old waterway. As a national reservation, it promised to find a more valuable use than it had as a commercial venture. The damage caused by floods was partially repaired and water was restored between Washington and Seneca. The towpath continued to be a favorite walk, as it had for a century, for those whose interests led them to the outdoors.

No real effort has been made to maintain the canal and towpath beyond Seneca. Here it is unpoliced, the canal bed is dry, the towpath overgrown but useable, and no drinking water, fireplaces or other facilities have been provided. Despite neglect, there has been such use of the upper stretches by hiking and nature groups as would amply justify development.

A typical canal scene showing locks and one of the old lock houses.

Shirley A. Briggs





National Park Service

The canal crosses the mouths of tributary rivers and streams on aqueducts of fine masonry. This is the Monocacy River Aqueduct.

On January 11, 1953, *The Washington Post* made a plea for recognition, by Park Service officials and the public, of the values which the C and O Canal offers to Washington and other valley communities:

Recreation is an increasingly urgent necessity in the face of the mounting tensions under which moderns live and work. True recreation is a rare achievement. Too many leisure hours are spent in doing things that maintain the same tensions and fatigues from which we already suffer.

In recreation planning, provision has been made for organized activities—play fields, golf courses, bridle paths, yacht basins. It has not been realized that increasing numbers of people have equally urgent needs to withdraw from the city hive, to find peace and refreshment apart from the crowd, and little provision has been made for this class of recreation. To such, the Potomac in its natural state and the C & O Canal preserved as a nineteenth-century waterway, offer recreational opportunities as varied and as rich as the bordering countryside.

The prescription for the C & O Canal is obvious. Let the National Park Service acquire the private lands between canal and river. Let the canal be restored as a highway for canoes, and perhaps for a few of the old barges. Let the towpath become a country lane for hikers and cyclists. Restore the canal and its locks and lockhouses to their nineteenth century usefulness. Provide camp sites, and prepare the lockhouses as hostels for winter use.

The canal would be a living museum to recall the nineteenth century relations between tidewater, piedmont and mountains, the westward movement of population, and the early transportation problems of farm, mine and factory.

As a national reservation, the canal and the riverbank would have nature sanctuary status to protect flora and fauna. Botanists, bird watchers, ecologists and naturalists would find scope for their special interests. A limited number of access roads would allow the motorist to escape from traffic and enjoy, but not destroy, the quiet beauty of the river country.

A slightly different proposal by Jean Stephenson, "Why Not a Canoe-way?," appeared in the January-March, 1953, issue of the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club Bulletin:

Outdoor groups should urge upon the National Park Service and upon Congress the creation here of a 'water-way', extending from Cumberland to Washington, D. C. The locks would not have to be operable; canoes could be portaged around them. It would appeal to many men and women who like a leisurely canoe trip in natural surroundings.

No other park offers to people of a large city such an opportunity to enjoy nature. No better means could be devised by which to relive the history of the Maryland-Virginia countryside in a nineteenth century atmosphere.

(Continued on page 134)

Exploring the Proposed Green River Canyons National Park

By JAMES C. GIFFORD

RUNNING RIVERS is a sport. There are few rivers that can give a white water enthusiast a better time than the Green, in Dinosaur National Monument. It is not easy to express the spirit of such canyons. When you are there, you know there is no place on earth you would rather be. They have a spell-binding nature all of their own.

There are few national monuments in our land that have the splendor of Dinosaur. A proposal has come before Congress to change the status of this area to that of a national park. Green River Canyons National Park it would be called. If this pro-

posal is carried through, the area will be one of the most spectacular parks in the entire system. It is an area that, in many ways, has an innate beauty even more enthralling than that displayed by the Grand Canyon of Arizona. It is a different kind of country from Arizona, and quite naturally has a little different flavor. Although immense, the canyons of Dinosaur are not as large as the Grand Canyon, but their innermost recesses are, by comparison, far more accessible. Located in the northwest corner of Colorado, a large part of the monument lies also in Utah, and encom-

We came through the comparatively level country of Browns Park and entered the national monument at the Gate of Lodore.

Reginald D. Gill





Martin Litton

The Green River in Split Mountain Canyon. Here we camped one evening and watched the sun turn tiers of sandstone to layers of golden honey.

passes the junction of the Yampa and the Green rivers. If given national park status, Dinosaur would be more secure.

Realizing how difficult it is to bring someone, with words alone, to a place they have never seen, and to set them down in it so they can comprehend it, we will try, nevertheless, to take you with us over a stretch of the gigantic Green. At the time of the trip, July, 1949, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Griffith of Fort Collins, Colorado, and I were beginners. The Griffiths are now veterans, having run the Grand Canyon several times since.

It was July 15, nine days after the start of the trip in Wyoming. We three in two rubber boats rounded a bend and came face to face with the tremendously majestic Gate of Lodore. It was red, sheathed in

the black shadows of dawn. In grandeur, the walls rose sheer—walls that curved in semicircles, forming splendid recesses flanked by terraced cliffs, long lines contrasting with great arches. Into the Canyon of Lodore the river flowed smoothly, swiftly, calmly, until the stillness and the clear bird calls were lost in the gargantuan roar of rapids beyond. The great chasm magnified the sound of the rushing water until all the canyon reverberated with it.

The rapids past, the water quieted again, giving us time to breathe the beauty and to hear the haunting music of canyon wrens. Lush green willows grew on the banks, and pines stood along shelves and on slopes that soared upward into the blue, blue sky. At the head of another rapid we camped. On this particular evening we went to bed a

little early in anticipation of the white water ahead in the morning. It seemed as if tomorrow might be the great day, but we could not be certain just how far it would be to Disaster Falls. Come what may, we would find it soon enough. I do not think we slept too well for thinking about the rapid that is so hard to see before it is too late. Was it a chute or a real waterfall? One of Powell's boats, the No Name, had been shattered to kindling wood there, and since that time, everyone but the most intrepid river men have portaged it. All night long the river churned and boiled a few yards below our sleeping bags. Starlight filled the heavens and the night-blackened cliffs cut geometric patterns against the sky.

Morning came dark and ominous. Not a sign of the sun as gray clouds swept overhead. Presently all was in readiness and we shoved out into position. The rapids below camp were easily and quickly run. Around every bend we stopped to make sure "the falls" were not immediately ahead. By the map, it was only three islands down stream, but the river changes over the years. Islands come and go with different water levels, so it was almost impossible to tell.

Finally a peculiar roar, a sort of trembling of the air, came to us around a bend in the river, and we felt that perhaps this might be it. Landing as quickly as possible, we scrambled over, took a hasty look, and decided it was just another of those numerous but harmless rock nests, nothing more. Evidently we had not come far enough yet. Dick took the lead, swiftly rowing through the preliminary waters, and then went out of sight among the boulders.

Sweeping around the bend, twisting first one oar then the other in a wild effort to miss as many rocks as possible, his eyes were glued to the water immediately over the stern. Suddenly a massive mound of water all brown, with a leaping, foaming, barrage of spray surrounding its every fringe, loomed up. The noise was everywhere and yet it came from nowhere; it

pervaded every particle of the air so thoroughly you could feel it through your finger tips; there was a roar as if a gale of great magnitude were whipping a forest, bending every stately tree, tearing leaves to shreds. The rapid went on and on, surging its tormented way over rock after rock, boulder after boulder. Cliffs seemed to flash past as we moved over the raging water. The big rubber boat plowed through the waves, and when kept properly oriented, it always came through.

That evening in camp as we argued over the maps and mulled over the descriptions we had read, it became clear that we had run Disaster Falls. Dellenbaugh, a chronicler of the Powell expedition, had said that even if forewarned, one could fail, so deceptive was the approach. He never said a truer word. It is one of the longest single rapids on the river, reaching perhaps a mile. To me it seemed endless, but it happened so quickly I could hardly remember the actual surroundings, except for a vast array of boulders covered with foaming waves.

That night, our camp was probably in one of the most imposing places we had so far encountered. Dark clouds made it seem a bit sinister. The mighty river roared and churned itself into another rapid at our feet. Across the surface of movement a rugged wall rose from the water to a height of two thousand feet, a blackened red, in the fading light. I climbed a rock and sat for a long while looking in wonder at the magnitude of the land from which we had just come. An amazing thumb-like piece of earth and rock stood against the sky. It was not over a half mile up river, but it looked far away in the evening shadows—a giant thumb bathed in blood and shrouded in fragmentary grayness, where ragged clouds brushed its heights. Lightning flashed, splitting the great background with dart-like bolts. Thunder pealed and clapped shudderingly among crags, and the sun slanted its rays under the layers of clouds to light the wall tops into burning coals.

Tired by the excitement of the day, we slept soundly. Today we would be more cautious so as to locate our rapids before plunging ahead. In a short time we came to Triplet Falls. In this rapid, the rocks arranged themselves so that a skillfully maneuvered boat could pass through easily. And so we went past the junction of the Yampa and on into Split Mountain Gorge. Here we camped one evening where you could sit and gaze a half mile down stream and watch the sun turn tiers of sandstone to layers of golden honey, each shelf with its tiny toy-like trees greenly spotting the rich buff contours. The rim curved, outlining itself against the sky as the old river took another bend. Shifty green-gray clouds hung over that end of the world, not quite shutting out the glorious shafts of sun, last of the heat of afternoon.

Huge shadows crept darkly up the canyon eating the mellow gold above which they hung so long. Ruffled water sparklingly reflected the golden light; then quietly all turned gray. The clouds shimmered and dipped their silky strands in the last rays

of the setting sun. Quickly the wisps fired, glowing scarlet, then richly turned to embers and died. Night had come again.

Campfire smoke billowed gray, sparks swirled in the gentle breeze, and flames leaped quietly in their own light. The river calmly rippled to the endless sound of crickets that filled the air with their high-pitched monotone songs. Cliffs were etched in wondrous ebony against the night sky. Stars twinkled, silvery pin points in ethereal space; and bats darted in the starlight, squeaking their strange language to the silence of the night, while cries of night-hawks echoed from wall to wall across the shadowy river.

Next morning, we hoped to be at the ranger station by noon. The river continued on its way, pouring itself against the canyon side, then plunging out into the broad Uinta Valley. The monstrous uplift that formed Split Mountain Gorge came to an end. It was as if an ancient stegosaurus had raised its jagged back to be carved by the winds of time. It provided a wondrous exit from Dinosaur National Monument.

OLYMPIC PARK WARNING

IRVING M. CLARK, President, Olympic Park Associates, Bellevue, Washington, believes all wilderness preservationists "should now be mobilized." In the Spring 1953 issue of *The Living Wilderness*, he says, "Our concern is to prepare for the onslaught against Olympic National Park fore-shadowed by recent statements of members of Congress and others. According to remarks of several congressmen from this state, bills will soon be introduced in Congress for reducing the size of the park. Their approach to the problem is likely to be a proposal for a study of boundaries, a method of attack which has been used before. This is a device to fool the people. What they want is all of the profitable forest in the park."

Commenting on the salvage of wind-fallen trees in the park, Mr. Clark adds, "We re-affirm the action of the Board of Trustees (of Olympic Park Associates) taken in opposition to any general program of commodity salvage operations in the national parks, and in doing so, we emphasize the importance of adhering to the principle governing the national parks that they shall be kept in their natural condition. Resources within the parks should not be looked upon as having money value." Olympic Park Associates have recommended that the discretion vested by law in the Secretary of the Interior to deal with such disasters as fire, wind damage and floods by cutting or salvage of trees in the parks be exercised with restraint.

SIGURD F. OLSON ELECTED ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT

MR. WILLIAM P. WHARTON, who has served as your president since 1935, and has been a member of the Board of Trustees since 1925, believing that the time had come for a younger man to take over the presidency, handed the reins of administration to Mr. Sigurd F. Olson of Ely, Minnesota, at the annual meeting of the Board on May 21.

In the field of nature protection and conservation, there are few who give so completely of their time and effort as Mr. Wharton. Drawing little attention to himself, he works untiringly, serving as guiding light and inspiration to many.

William P. Wharton.



The conclusion of Mr. Wharton's eighteen years as president brings a sense of sadness to those who have been working closely with him. Indeed, the Association owes Mr. Wharton a debt of gratitude for his help and guidance these many years. It is gratifying that he remains on the

Board of Trustees and Executive Committee, where his excellent advice can and will continue to be sought.

At the annual meeting, this resolution was adopted:

We, the Board of Trustees of the National Parks Association, on the occasion of the retirement of William P. Wharton from the office of Association President, wish to record, and to express to Mr. Wharton our deep feeling of appreciation and of gratitude for his services. These have been invaluable and are not to be measured by any ordinary standard. His devotion to the Association's welfare, and to the ideals to which it is committed, place him in the first rank of those



Sigurd F. Olson.

who seek their country's good with disinterested zeal. To the National Parks Association, Mr. Wharton has constantly been the friend and benefactor to whom we have turned, and never in vain, for help, for guidance and for wise counsel.

We rejoice in his assurance that even though he has chosen to resign the presidency,

we may still call on him for help in solving our problems. We expect, therefore, to continue to call on him for assistance, and to draw on his experience and wisdom for our guidance.

Our thanks, our warm regard and our affectionate good wishes go with William P. Wharton as he retires from office.

A member of the Board since 1950, Mr. Olson has been vice president since 1951. He is known to members, not only in his official capacity, but also through his articles in NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE. Perhaps his outstanding contribution to the magazine was his *We Need Wilderness*, which has become a classic statement on wilderness values. This was published in the January-March 1946 issue, and it appears in condensed form in your Association's book *Exploring Our National Parks and Monuments*. It has been published in several foreign languages.

With a background of study in zoology, botany, geology and ecology, Mr. Olson has taught classes in these subjects at Ely Junior College, later becoming Dean of that college. During his earlier years, Mr. Olson served as a guide in the Quetico-Superior country of Minnesota, where he has traveled many thousands of miles by canoe, as well as on snowshoes and skis.

During recent years, Mr. Olson has concentrated his interest on the preservation of wilderness areas, national parks and all areas where a semblance of the natural scene remains. He has taken part in efforts to protect nature all over the country, as

wilderness ecologist for the Izaak Walton League of America. As consultant to the Wilderness Society, he has assisted in struggles to protect wilderness wherever it has been threatened, often in conjunction with the League. He also serves in an advisory and consulting capacity with the President's Quetico-Superior Committee and with Canadian authorities in the international effort to correlate federal and state agencies, as well as private organizations, in their united effort to secure an agreement between the United States and Canada as to sound principles of resource management and wilderness zoning for the area between Lake of the Woods and Lake Superior—the famous wilderness canoe country on the international boundary. Mr. Olson directed the production of the motion picture *Wilderness Canoe Country*, a notable achievement.

Although Mr. Olson does considerable lecturing and writing and a great deal of traveling, he admits that he is never quite happy until he is setting off into the "bush" somewhere, with his feet on the ground. As President of the National Parks Association, he will be channeling his efforts more than ever into the preservation of the national parks and monuments. He says he is looking forward to this work, for he considers it to be a great opportunity to serve the cause of wilderness preservation, not only through the added protection of areas, but through increasing the public's appreciation and understanding of the purpose and value of these superlative nature sanctuaries.

IUPN MEETINGS

WORD comes from Brussels, Belgium, that Salzburg, Austria, will be host to the interim technical meeting of the International Union for the Protection of Nature, which will convene there the 16th to 18th of September, followed by field trips to the famous Krimml waterfalls. The

Fourth General Assembly of the Union, in response to an invitation from the Danish Government, which is a member of the Union, will be held in Copenhagen, July 28 to August 2, 1954. These sessions will follow the gathering of the International Botanical Congress, in Paris.

Sun Point Reminiscence

By LLOYD P. PARRATT, Temporary Naturalist

Glacier National Park

Photographs by the author

LAST SUMMER my ranger-naturalist assignment was at Sun Point, in Glacier National Park. Two days each week I was on duty at Sun Point Information Station, two days at Logan Pass, and one day each week I led an all-day hike to some remote area reached only by trail.

I was stationed with my family in the Sun Camp Ranger Station, which dates back to the time when Glacier could be explored only by trail. We had to back-pack our supplies in by trail. Park visitors who hiked down to Baring Falls sometimes came to the cabin and expressed surprise at finding us there. They often asked, "Do you really live way down here?"

When we packed in, a storm greeted us. We sat in the cabin and watched the storm with a feeling of awe mingled with a comforting security in the protection of the sturdy log cabin. There is something about the terrific force of the wind roaring down from the continental divide onto Saint Mary Lake that must be felt to be believed. Across the lake, our constant sentinels, Red Eagle, Little Chief and Citadel mountains loomed dark and ominous.

We had driven over the Going-to-Sun Highway to find huge snowbanks and a blizzard at Logan Pass in late June. The heaviest snowfall on record in Glacier National Park had left this area on the continental divide a vast bowl of snow, rimmed by serrate peaks.

We drove down on the east side to the Sun Point Information Station, near the famous scenic site of the Going-to-the-Sun Chalets. The ranger-naturalist on duty had a fire and offered to let my wife and baby and our two boys stay in comfort there, while fellow ranger-naturalists helped me pack food and equipment in during a pour-

ing rain. The shortest and steepest trail to the cabin was from the Baring Creek bridge.

Baring Creek, fed by melting snow and glacial ice, was a raging torrent. One of the log-bridges leading to the cabin was washed out and the other bridge near the lake was barely above the swirling water. We made about twenty trips, sloshing through the storm, to bring supplies to the cabin. Then I brought the family down. I carried the baby wrapped snugly in my raincoat.

We were soon busy getting settled. The spacious cabin of hewn-logs nestled among the Douglas firs and lodgepole pines. Some fine old black cottonwood trees fringed the emerald-green lake, framing it and the

We cut wood for our cook stove.





The boys helped haul our supplies over the trail to the cabin.

mountain peaks rising abruptly on the opposite shore. The roar of Baring Falls was a constant sound in this wilderness solitude.

Each day as I hiked to work, I observed the succession of flowering plants along the trail. Many kinds of beautiful blossoms came and went with the season, but the creamy heads of bear grass were perhaps the most striking. Since bear grass is seen in blossom somewhere in the park all summer, it is called the park flower.

Sun Point Information Station, 300 yards from the main highway by a spur road, commands this magnificent view near the former site of the Sun Chalets. The station has picture windows looking out on an unsurpassed scene up the lake toward Logan Pass, with Citadel, Gunsight, Fusillade, Reynolds, Heavy Runner and Going-to-the-Sun Mountains offering a striking array of rugged peaks. These form a back-

drop to the lake, which surely is one of the most beautiful anywhere.

A few days after our arrival, my wife, Grace, remarked, "Just think, no one else in the world has this particular secluded view of beautiful Saint Mary Lake."

There was always wood to chop or saw, water to carry if our gravity water-system was not working, lectures to prepare and plans to make for the next day's activity. One afternoon while I chopped wood, the sunset of a clearing sky became our entertainment. A cow elk came cautiously up the trail beside the cabin, her white rump patch showing plainly. She surveyed us with startled interest. This area is a winter feeding ground for a herd of elk which gradually works its way up to the high mountain meadows as the snow melts.

The boys used up a lot of energy running up and down the trails. One day Mark was frightened by almost running

into the rear end of a bull moose. He shouted, "Daddy, he was as big as a house and he turned around and glared at me." Mark and Monty built dams and bridges down by the lake, and their favorite hide-out was among the rocks near Sun Point.

After a pleasant evening meal, the family often discussed events of the day. Mark, then nine, was interested in collecting bugs; Monty, six, liked to climb ropes and trees; and baby Smith did most of his exploring in the cabin. We had chopped a wind-fallen tree from the trail that day; but the high spot of the day had been the visit of the elk.

I always carried a knapsack with materials that might be needed during the day. The boys usually enjoyed trudging along behind me, each with a knapsack of sorts, so they could help carry supplies. On my days off, the whole family would start out with knapsacks of all sizes and types, baby Smith riding in my large one, with only his head sticking out. We enjoyed the flowers along the way and listened for bird calls while we watched quietly for wildlife. Many interesting visitors stopped at the information station to look at the flower and geological displays, and perhaps to buy books or pamphlets on the natural history of the park. They asked questions, which we were usually able to answer, and were pleased if we could point out mountain goats high up on a ledge of cinnabar-red Goat Mountain. We were often asked what had happened to the Going-to-the-Sun Chalets, which were removed in 1948, as they were unsafe after being idle during the war years.

Several nights each week I hiked out to Baring Creek Bridge and drove to Saint Mary village with a fellow ranger-naturalist to give our series of evening illustrated lectures on the natural history of the park. Here we enjoyed a friendly informal atmosphere with Park Service employees and groups of people from Rising Sun, and Saint Mary village.

Coming down the steep Baring Falls trail at night after a lecture, and testing

the trail in a rainstorm for water holes and slippery rocks is an experience long to be remembered. One night it was clear and moonlight, the stillness broken only by the measured hooting of a great horned owl. Farther along, there was the roar of Baring Falls. From the log footbridge I watched the moonlight on the dancing water and the looming mountain peaks, mysterious in the soft light. Friendly light beckoned from the cabin windows as I turned toward our wilderness sanctuary.

Almost daily, a mule deer doe came to our cabin seeking food. Although always alert for danger, she seemed quite accustomed to our presence. It is probable that she had a fawn hidden not far away.

One morning we were startled from our beds by a scratching sound on the cabin, and were surprised to find the impish face of a yearling black bear at the window.

Nearly every morning we enjoyed the antics of several golden-eye ducks. They seemed to play a game in which each duck would come flying up to the cottonwoods in front of the cabin at the lake's edge, alight or attempt to alight on a limb, then wing

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Golden-eye ducks on Saint Mary Lake.



ANNUAL BOARD MEETING — 1953

EXCERPTS FROM THE MINUTES

TIME: May 21. Place: Textile Museum, Washington, D. C. Those present: President Wharton presiding, with new President Sigurd F. Olson presiding later, Messrs. Bartsch, Butcher, Clark, Coolidge, Culver, Eggert, Flickinger, Myers, Preble, Woodbury and Executive Secretary Packard. Mr. George Fell, Mr. C. Edward Graves, Mr. William A. McSweeney, Mr. Richard A. Pough and Miss Rudd, guests.

From Remarks of the President

At this our thirty-fourth annual meeting, I should like to refer to the unselfish devotion of our executive staff. The Association has gained in membership and has taken vigorous part in the conservation battle both inside and outside our country. As a result of Field Representative Butcher's extensive travels, never before have we been so well informed on conditions in the national parks and monuments. Discussions have been held with the director and other officers of the National Park Service regarding the problems which confront the Service. I think we can agree that the high standard of the magazine has been fully maintained.

At the Executive Committee meeting on December 18, Mr. Charles Eggert was made field representative in photography, following his generous offer to serve without pay. When you see his pictures tomorrow, I am sure you will agree that this was a wise move. I welcome him to this meeting.

On March 17, the Executive Committee adopted several resolutions stemming from Mr. Butcher's reports. The first favored complete exemption of the national parks and monuments from application of the mining laws. The second suggested that the use of further Civil Aeronautics Authority Funds for airfields within national parks or monuments be prohibited by law. A third urged every possible effort by the National

Park Service to correct instances of vandalism prevalent in some areas. A fourth and fifth opposed use of wildlife refuges for destructive military purposes, unless such use is urgently required for the national security, and expressed disapproval of opening such refuges to homesteading.

With this improving outlook for the usefulness of our Association in its field of nature protection, for the benefit of our people, it gives me pleasure to hand on to my prospective successor good wishes for advances in the years ahead, and assurance of such support as I can give him. His vigor and dedication to the cause assures a militant advance to greater accomplishments than the National Parks Association has achieved before in preserving for future generations outstanding examples of America.

From Report of the Executive Secretary

At the 1952 annual meeting, the danger of reduction of the Gila Wilderness Area, in New Mexico, prompted the Board to instruct the Executive Secretary to testify at hearings in Silver City, on August 7. I spent several days in the area to study the proposed changes, and recommended at the hearing that the present boundaries be retained, except for minor adjustments. The significance of the hearing was that the local communities were opposed to the reductions, on the grounds that they wanted the wilderness area preserved because of its natural values. Testimony convinced the Forest Service that it should abandon plans for reduction.

On returning from New Mexico, I flew to Caracas, Venezuela, to represent the National Parks Association, the National Parks Association of Queensland, Australia, and Defenders of Furbearers, at the Third General Assembly of the International

Union for the Protection of Nature. For several months preceding, I had the privilege of serving as executive secretary of the United States Organizing Committee, which made arrangements for translating documents and duplicating them in three languages, interpretive services for the conference, and other details. The success of this work was made possible by the devoted cooperation of Mrs. Annette L. Flugger, Conservation Specialist of the Pan American Union, and Mr. and Mrs. T. T. S. Henderson, who worked assiduously on preparation of the documents.

Experience with the International Union and other foreign nature protection societies leads to the belief that the spreading concern about preserving natural areas, wildlife and resources is the most encouraging development of postwar years. Stimulated by America's example, many nations are awakening to action. Our Association is assuming a leading position in counseling and guiding our allies in these countries, and our correspondence now stretches to every continent.

My wife and I attended the annual meeting of the Natural Resources Council of America at Waycross, Georgia, where we were able to see the Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge. My opinion coincides with Mr. Butcher's that this area is of national park caliber. It is well protected by the Fish and Wildlife Service. There is a threat to the primeval cypress there on the part of local interests. We are working to help save this magnificent tract.

The 17th North American Wildlife Conference was held in Washington in March. Mr. and Mrs. William A. McSweeney, of Morristown, New Jersey, brought to the conference a photographic exhibit designed to promote the work of the National Parks Association. This they have been using also at state fairs in New Jersey. They have devoted effort to helping the Association in this fashion, and it is hoped that other members will be inspired to follow their example.

I attended the Sierra Club's third biennial Wilderness Conference at Berkeley, California, on May 15 and 16.

Because of Mr. Butcher's absence in the field, I have had the pleasure of sitting for him with the Advisory Committee on Conservation to the Secretary of the Interior.

From Report of the Field Representative

Coming east, we stopped at four national wildlife refuges. The first was Wichita Mountains in southern Oklahoma. The Army's demand to occupy the ranch lands to north and south, and eventually to take over the refuge itself, has been sidetracked for the present. However, it is the belief of the Fish and Wildlife Service that this lull is temporary.

Next we stopped at White River National Wildlife Refuge in eastern Arkansas. The refuge is managed for migrating waterfowl. Water levels are disturbed by Army dams upstream, and there is a threat of more dams being built. This makes it difficult for the Service to have adequate feed for the birds in the form of aquatic plants at the time of year when the feed is most needed. I recommend that the Association express itself on this matter after consultation with the Fish and Wildlife Service.

Reelfoot Lake National Wildlife Refuge, in western Tennessee, is threatened by soil washed in from adjoining farm lands.

Kentucky Woodlands National Wildlife Refuge lies between Kentucky Lake on the west, and the Cumberland River on the east. Kentucky Lake is artificial, having been formed by one of the big TVA dams. TVA has proposed to build two dams on the Cumberland. More recently, the Army Engineers have suggested one large dam instead of the two. If the Army dam is built, the lakes and cultivated land along the Cumberland side will be inundated. Since this part of the area is providing feed for thousands of waterfowl during migration, I urge that the Association go on record in opposition to the Army proposal, and that we recommend the two TVA dams be built instead, if they are needed.

We visited Mammoth Cave National Park at the time of year when thousands of school children go there. Although these kids enable the concessions to carry through a period when, otherwise, they probably would lose financially, they spoil the pleasure of others who happen to be at the park. When you see these shouting kids hanging around the hotel or on a trip through the caves, you will ask, what are they getting out of it. I could not see that they were being indoctrinated with the national park idea. Here, as in many other parks, a foremost consideration is to adjust programs to enable the concessioner to remain financially solvent. It seemed to me there is need for thorough indoctrination in what national parks are for and how to behave in them, if large groups of children are to be encouraged to come to them.

RESOLUTIONS

Inviolate Sanctuaries

The Board of Trustees of the National Parks Association reaffirms its belief that America's national parks and national monuments must be kept inviolate from every kind of commercial or economic exploitation. Their perpetuation as the nation's finest examples of aboriginal America for the benefit of the people depends upon maintenance of present policies of absolute protection. The national parks and monuments are a very special category of reserved lands, and efforts to despoil them should be defeated not only as individual instances but also because they threaten the concept and integrity of the national park system.

Public Lands

The Board of Trustees of the National Parks Association strongly opposes current efforts to reduce the measure of sound regulatory protection afforded the public lands of the United States now provided by the several agencies charged with their preservation and the perpetuation of their natural resources. The welfare of the nation requires that our public lands shall never again be subjected to the abuses that formerly resulted

from uncontrolled grazing, ruthless exploitation of timber, and other mishandling before sound administrative policies were adopted. The Board believes that federal lands should be administered for the public welfare, and that no economic use should be the vested right of any special group. The administration of the public lands has been developed into an admirable system of wise policies ably applied by men devoted to public service, and this careful management should not be undermined or destroyed.

The Board of Trustees also expresses its firm opinion that the best interest of the nation is being served by retention of the federal lands in public ownership, subject to disposal only as the laws carefully worked out during the past fifty years and more provide. Apart from the fact that the federal lands are now contributing more to the national welfare and economy at all levels than could conceivably be provided were they under local or private ownership, it is the Board's belief that the rights of the people as a whole, who are the joint owners of these lands, are paramount in any questions raised about their use or status.

Shooting Wildlife in Parks

The Board of Trustees of the National Parks Association is concerned about the indications of proposals to permit public shooting of wildlife in certain national parks and monuments as a method of reducing overpopulations. It has always been the position of the Board that necessary reduction operations should be conducted by the National Park Service, with such aid from other federal agencies as it requests. Permitting the public to engage in sport shooting in any national park or monument is likely to lead to a precedent that would lessen the proper strict protection from such hunting under present policies of inviolate sanctuary. It is therefore the opinion of the Board that where a serious overpopulation of wild animals exists in a national park or monument, an arbitrary controlled reduction should be made by the National Park Service, and that it should be sufficient to meet the problem quickly.

Olympic Forests

The Board of Trustees of the National Parks Association reaffirms its position that

the great primeval forests of Olympic National Park should be retained within that reservation for permanent preservation as representing one of the outstanding national treasures of the people of the United States. The Board sees no justification whatever for altering the boundaries of this park in order to permit the last remnants of these forests to be logged as a temporary relief to the local lumber industry. Olympic National Park is a superlative example of the original American landscape and should be preserved for the benefit of the people forever.

Mining Laws

The Board of Trustees of the National Parks Association recommends that the federal mining laws be appropriately revised to eliminate the serious abuses to public lands now resulting from the existing antiquated law, and further recommends that effort be made to rescind the present legal provisions authorizing prospecting and extraction of ores in certain national parks and monuments as unnecessary to the national economy and contrary to the national interests.

Wildlife Refuges and Air Force

The Board of Trustees of the National Parks Association notes with concern a number of proposals on the part of the United States Air Force with the United States Army to utilize the lands of national wildlife refuges for jet bomber or atomic artillery ranges and for other purposes that directly conflict with the basic purposes of such refuges. The Board believes that no wildlife refuge, nor part thereof, should be used for destructive military purposes, unless the national security is so actively endangered that such use becomes imperative.

George Hewitt Myers

The Board of Trustees of the National Parks Association expresses its deep appreciation to Mr. George Hewitt Myers for so generously providing the facilities of the Textile Museum for the sessions of the Thirty-fourth Annual Meeting of the National Parks Association, and to the staff of the Textile Museum for cooperating so pleasantly to ensure the success of the meeting.

SUN POINT

(Continued from page 125)

rapidly out over the lake again. These ducks spent much time sunning and preening. Occasionally they flew into a hole some thirty feet up in a large cottonwood. Monty climbed up, but found no nest, so this again seemed to be play activity.

Frequently a rufous hummingbird flew to our kitchen window and hovered there with its gleaming back and flame-red throat blazing in the sunlight. Summer residents of the park, the rufous hummers could be heard uttering their peculiar high-pitched buzzing call nearly every day in July along the trail near Baring Falls.

Why do some people fear wild animals in their natural habitat? They often asked us what to do if they should meet a bear. One day I met a young man on the trail grimly carrying a rifle. When I gave him a questioning look, he said, "a man has to have something to protect himself against the wild animals." I explained to him the regulations about firearms in national parks. At first he insisted he would rather pay a fine than be attacked by wild animals. I replied, "If you were by some rare chance attacked, it would likely be a grizzly bear, and your puny .22 caliber rifle would only infuriate the animal more." Before we parted, he seemed convinced that he was wrong, and that a national park was no place to carry a gun. People are far safer in wilderness areas than in the cities where the outcasts of civilization are real dangers. The fear of animals of the wild is largely the result of imaginary dangers. Of course, one must treat the wild creatures with the respect due them.

The breath of fall was in the air as a gale descended on Saint Mary Lake, blowing the tops off the waves and sending spray streaming through the air as if shot from a hose. We could hear trees cracking and falling in the forest. Then the wind came down over the continental divide with even greater force, and the lake became a seeth-

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Afield with Your Representative

Toward the end of May, your Field Representative Devereux Butcher returned to Washington, D. C., concluding his year's travels to the national parks and monuments. Each separate part of his trip has been written up in foregoing issues of the magazine. He gives here a brief outline of the last leg of the journey, which began at the Grand Canyon.

GRAND CANYON'S YAVAPAI OBSERVATION STATION, on the south rim, has been remodeled to accommodate many more visitors at naturalist lectures; glass has been placed from parapet to roof, enclosing the entire front, and new show cases for exhibits are planned to be placed along the rear wall of the auditorium. The glass-enclosed front makes it possible to use the building during the coldest winter days, and visitors can now stand and enjoy the view without the annoyance of wind. We again heard Park Naturalist Louis Schellbach give one of his stirring lectures there, and the acoustics are better than ever.

Residents of Grand Canyon village deserve and have long wanted a community church. For many years services have been held in a recreation building. Now, so we were informed, they are to have their church; and, best of all, they have agreed with the Park Service that it should be placed away from the rim of the canyon.

We note with regret, as on all of our previous visits to the south rim, that a loud, raucous steam whistle at the power plant, which is operated by the Santa Fe Railroad, continues to blast the peace of the village four times daily. We know from experience that the sound of that whistle carries for miles along the rim and far down into the canyon. Suggestive of a factory town, it is out of place in a national park. We wonder whether officials of the railroad, if tactfully approached, would not be willing to end this disturbing incongruity.

On one of those cloudless days, with the sky as brilliant as skies can get, we walked part way down the Kaibab Trail.

It was one of those red-letter days that remain in the memory a very long time. Such experiences are like jewels along the path of life.

One afternoon, Park Naturalist Schellbach took us to Coronado Point, another memorable occasion.

We journeyed to Wupatki National Monument the day we left the canyon. On our previous visit, a year ago, work was under way to tear down the reconstructed masonry on the Upper and Lower Wupatki ruins, with the objective of restoring the ruins to the condition in which they were first discovered. At that time, we were not entirely sold on the idea that this was the best thing to do, but seeing the work completed and, in addition, a large number of rooms previously buried but now excavated, we were convinced of the wisdom of the work. Reconstruction is seldom admissible in the prehistoric Indian ruins.

On the way to Canyon de Chelly National Monument, in northeastern Arizona, we visited Sunset Crater and Petrified Forest again, as we had a year ago. The trip from the latter to Canyon de Chelly took us north through the Navajo Indian Reservation, a limitless expanse of wild country. The national monument itself is Indian reservation land. Unfortunately, the river in the canyon was flowing, and this prevented our taking the trip along the canyon floor. It was therefore necessary for us to confine our exploration to the south rim, along which a road runs, with spurs to scenic overlooks. This canyon is a truly magnificent spectacle measuring up to the highest standards for national monuments.

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LETTERS

We will enjoy our visit to some of the parks, the more so for the information and suggestions from you. Ideas we have now are likely to change, but that's the way we like to do things. We are all reading *Exploring Our National Parks and Monuments* and the magazine, which arrived this week. Our country certainly is vast and beautiful.

Elizabeth R. Tonks
Orange, N. J.

I want to ask and seek information about how the national parks are doing, and I would like for you to send me complete maps of Yellowstone, Grand Teton, Glacier and Rocky Mountain national parks. Why doesn't Congress buy the private owned lands in the national parks? I love nature, and all the eleven years of my life I have most of the time been in the wilds. I read about people wanting to build airplane fields in national parks and I ask what is the point of it when they have so much other places, and why do they want to build in the national parks? Are all the beautiful lands of the U. S. doomed? Cannot they be saved? I have many things I want to ask about the national parks. I would be pleased if you would give me information about them and if they can be saved.

Monthoy Wilson
San Antonio, Texas

On my travels across the country, I recently stopped at Great Smoky Mountains National Park. One day my wife and I parked our car at the entrance to Laurel Falls Trail, a short and very popular trail close to the headquarters city of Gatlinburg, Tennessee. My objective was photography of mountain laurel and flame azalea, which I had been told could be found there. As I was walking up the trail, I met an elderly couple walking back, carrying a bouquet of laurel and azalea. I stopped and lectured them about picking flowers in a national park. They seemed surprised that it was against the law, and I am sure they were perfectly innocent about it. Shortly afterwards, my wife met a foreign couple with a similar bouquet, and she talked to them about our regulations.

I found only a few specimens of these flowers remaining for photography. Upon returning to my car I looked in vain for a sign at the trail entrance with information about flower picking. It strikes me that a small and not too conspicuous sign placed in a strategic position, would help to protect these rapidly diminishing flowering shrubs. Park administrators should not be too fatalistic about it.

C. Edward Graves
Carmel, California

We commend Mr. Graves for his suggestion and for his good job of "lecturing" along the trail. In our opinion, no part of any national park or national nature monument, such as a trail entrance like the one described above, or the campground and picnic areas, should be without such signs. It is encouraging to see that, as a result of our reporting the need for wild flower picking signs at Big Meadows Campground, in Shenandoah National Park a year or two ago, the Park Service quickly responded by placing signs there. But we could tell of innumerable other places in the parks and monuments where this needs to be done. The foremost purpose of a national park is to protect nature. Should we not do first things first?—*Editor.*

I had the privilege of meeting with some of you at Mintwood Place in December, 1951, to discuss plans for an effective parks association in Canada. Unfortunately, I left Canada to join the Army before our plans had gotten very far, and the project was dropped. Perhaps when I return to Vancouver to complete my degree, I will be able to get something permanent started, if there are any parks left to defend, by then.

On reading through the latest issue of NATIONAL PARKS MAGAZINE, I was again reminded of the fine work which your organizations have been doing. Perhaps the most effective testimonial for your efforts is the loud squeal your opponents make when they find you in the way. All of us in the Association, and countless others who will never hear of you, owe you a very real debt of gratitude.

Walter Sheppe, Jr.
Monterey, California

IN MEMORY OF HENRY PARSONS ERWIN

COLONEL HENRY P. ERWIN, a member of the Board of Trustees and Executive Committee of the National Parks Association since 1939, died at his Washington, D. C., home on June 3. Through the years, Col. Erwin showed keen interest in matters relating to the national parks and to the activities of the Association by his regular attendance at meetings. He was often appointed to membership on special committees, perhaps particularly to those dealing with problems relating to Association finances, for it was in such matters that his advice was unusually sound. The gap on the Board left by Col. Erwin's passing will not easily be filled by another of his caliber.

Col. Erwin is survived by his wife, Helen Blodgett Erwin, a son, Henry P. Erwin, Jr., at Princeton University, and two daughters, Mrs. John A. Croghan of Alexandria, Virginia, and Mrs. Macdonald Goodwin of Kensington, Maryland. Interment was at Arlington National Cemetery. To Mrs. Erwin, the Board wishes to express its deepest sympathy.

Born at Newark, New Jersey, in 1881,

Col. Erwin graduated from the University of Michigan, in 1904, and later from the Illinois Institute of Technology.

In the world of business, he had many connections, such as treasurer of the Erwin Pump Company of Chicago prior to World War I, partner in the New York Stock Exchange firm of John L. Edwards and Company, member of the Washington Stock Exchange, a director of Riggs National Bank and the Federal Storage Company of Washington, secretary of the Board of Trustees of George Washington University, member of the Community Chest Federation Classification Committee, trustee of the Boys' Club of Washington and treasurer of the National Capital Area Council of the Boy Scouts of America. He helped to found and was treasurer and director of, the American Ordnance Association, and during World War II, he served as Lieutenant Colonel in the Ordnance Department of the Army, and was a member of the U. S. Honorary Reserve. He belonged to many local and national societies and organizations in Washington, D. C., and elsewhere.

PEAK PARK

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of the southern half of the park gives rise to what is probably the greatest single problem to be tackled by the Board. To mitigate this problem as far as possible at the outset, the National Parks Commission, in fixing the park boundary, were careful to exclude the district around Buxton containing the bulk of the major limestone workings, with a sufficient area, in their opinion, to provide for future expansion. However, despite this precaution, future demands, either for fresh quarries or extensions to existing workings within the park, are almost certain to arise. In addition to limestone, other minerals, principally gritstone, clay (for cement manu-

facture), lead, fluorspar, barytes and silica sand are worked within the park.

The Peak is essentially a stone district, and much of the individuality and charm of its buildings are attributable to the use of this material in gabled forms with simple rectangular plan shapes. Somewhat neglected since the beginning of the present century, these local traditions of materials and design are now looked upon again with some favour, thanks to the continuous efforts of the district's succeeding local planning authorities over the past eighteen years.

It is encouraging to find that a number of the local housing authorities in the park are building as far as possible in stone, despite rising costs, and always in the best

architectural traditions of the district: at Castleton a housing scheme, built about two years ago, was given a high award by the Minister of Housing and Local Government for general excellence of layout and design. Many private developers too, through enlightened architects or with advice from the local planning authority, are now seeking to emulate the best traditions of the past in their building.

Sporadic and ribbon development in the rural areas is discouraged, and all new building activities, other than those directly concerned with agriculture, are guided toward existing centres of population. Every endeavour is made to maintain the traditional character of the hamlets, villages and small towns within the park, and where substantial housing development must take place at a particular village, the Board invariably seeks to secure an extension of the existing village pattern.

To meet adequately all the needs of the many thousands of visitors who flock into the Peak District every summer weekend is a task of the first magnitude, and to make the necessary provisions, without at the same time jeopardizing any of the principles upon which the national park ideal is founded, is undoubtedly a problem which will exercise the energy and experience of the Board for many years to come. Already some progress has been made toward making good the known deficiency in caravan sites and the Board is at present co-operating with three new site operators who hope to open up in the district shortly: wherever possible, this method of providing accommodation will be adopted, and only when private enterprise agencies cannot be found to establish and operate needed facilities will the Board actually undertake the work.

Negotiations have commenced under the access provisions of the Act toward opening up to public access about twenty-seven square miles of high moorland centered on Kinderscout, an area extremely popular with hill walkers and already widely used

on sufferance. With the goodwill of most of the landowners concerned, considerable progress has been made toward the completion of formal access agreements. Generally speaking, those parts of the park most suitable for unrestricted public access are also widely used for the catchment of water and, in season, for shooting and in most cases these conflicts of interest will require to be resolved before any successful access arrangements will be possible.

In order to ensure a suitable standard of public behaviour on access land, the Act provides for the appointment of wardens who will have powers and duties not unlike those of the rangers in the American parks. The Board has prepared a scheme for a warden's service, and the first appointment, that of a head warden, will be made within the next few months.

Altogether six national parks have now been designated in England and Wales, and in all but one a workable administrative system has been established, although the Peak is still the only park administered by a joint board. Within a year of the constitution of the Peak Board the constituent councils who had fought so hard against the principle of administration by a joint board expressed themselves satisfied that this was indeed the best method—a change of outlook which has resulted in a strong desire that the Board should operate at the highest pitch of efficiency possible within the financial resources available.

In age, the Peak National Park is still an infant, but nevertheless some useful work has been accomplished already and much more is being actively planned. The Board feels strongly that only by sustained progress will the skeptics—and there are still many in the country who are hypercritical—be convinced that the national park movement is indeed a vital force in preserving much of what remains of the natural beauty of the land of Britain, not merely for the enjoyment of present generations, but for the benefit of millions yet unborn.

C & O CANAL

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Along the canal, one may trace the characteristics of wildlife communities, the ties that bind plants and animals together in associations. It is a flyway for spring and fall migrants, as well as the summer and winter home for scores of species.

The lower flood-plain of sweet gum, red maple and elm abounds with red-bellied woodpeckers and scarlet tanagers; Kentucky warblers sing from the ferns, and parula warblers hide their nests in flood debris or in the aerial roots of poison ivy. Red-shouldered hawks and barred owls are common, and the colorful wood duck nests wherever it can find a cavity.

Above Great Falls, the tuliptree-oak woods, with their understory of flowering dogwood, is the setting for the organ notes of the wood thrush. In the forest canopy, cerulean warblers nest; red-eyed and yellow-throated vireos may be found everywhere. Broad-winged hawks and an occasional horned owl seek sequestered tracts in the bordering woods, while cardinals and Carolina wrens find homes in shrubby borders.

The swamps adjacent to the canal have many exciting birds—red-headed woodpeckers, night herons and woodcocks—but none is more glorious than the prothonotary warbler, or more dramatic than the great pileated woodpeckers, whose numbers along the canal have been slowly increasing.

In the hills beyond the Blue Ridge, black and white, worm-eating and black-throated green warblers and Baltimore orioles mark the transition to another world. With them we find hooded warblers and ovenbirds.

Although mammals are seldom seen, the canal strip supports a thriving and diversified population of them. The burrowings of the woodchuck are many. Gray squirrels scold from the trees, and the cottontail scampers off as we approach. To one walking quietly along the canal in the darkness before dawn, pungent scent tells that a fox

has crossed the path, a flashlight on a tree where small claws were scratching shows a flying squirrel frozen in concealment, and a dusky shadow is the skunk moving away from its digging. Each dawn tells the story of the night's activities in tracks along the river—raccoons everywhere, muskrats and possums, too, and even the otters have left their round pad marks imprinted on the muddy bank.

Because the Potomac is the oldest thing on the landscape, older even than the mountains, the canal speaks of ancient geologic changes in the region.

Now the historic C and O Canal and its wildlife communities face destruction—by the National Park Service itself. The story is a curious one and difficult to understand. It seems to revolve around the fact that the National Park Service has been uncomfortable in its stewardship of the canal.

Undeniably there have been disturbing problems in the administration of the property. During the fifteen years in which the canal has been Park Service property, there has been no articulate public demand that the whole canal be developed as a recreational and historic park. Without public urging, there have been no budget provisions for the maintenance and improvement of the area, even on a modest scale except in the vicinity of Washington. There has always been the possibility that privately owned riverside properties between canal and river would be used in a manner which would destroy the historic, scenic and natural values of the canal. Without proper maintenance, the property has deteriorated physically.

There has been recurrent discussion of plans for damming the Potomac, for converting the beautiful natural river into a series of slack-water ponds, with consequent flooding of the canal and a loss of historic features and scenery. Finally, the unused canal—but not so unused as the officials have thought—has given rise to demands from groups in Maryland that

the property be turned over to the state to be divided into public hunting grounds, picnic and other recreational areas, and for uses which would be completely destructive of the canal as an integrated property.

In these circumstances, it is not surprising that the National Park Service pitched upon the highway as a solution to secure the land between the canal and the river, to secure greater public utilization of the area, to guard against damage by damming, or being split up for secondary and purely local uses.

We can understand the dilemma of the Park Service, while we cannot accept their plan for destroying the canal; we can accept the need to bring the bordering tracts into the park, while we cannot acquiesce in the building of an express highway; we can understand the practical politics of budget-making, while we deplore the system that has made it impracticable for the Park Service to sponsor a program for the full restoration and preservation of the C and O Canal. But, now that the public is beginning to be informed, and now that public support is being eagerly proffered, we can no longer forgive the National Park Service for its failure to offer a plan to preserve and make available the highest recreational, historic and scenic values of the canal. And it is difficult to be other than critical of the lack of imagination and foresight that kept the Park Service from initiating a plan, in 1938, to make effective its avowed purpose to preserve the canal as an unaltered example of the canal-building era, from encouraging outdoor groups and the valley communities to make fuller use of the canal's recreational opportunities, from fitting the canal into a design for the larger recreational needs of the Potomac Valley.

The threat to the C and O Canal lies in the proposed construction of a motor highway from Cumberland to Hancock, and in the hidden plan to extend that highway all the way to Washington. That the threat is

now upon us must be ascribed to the mistaken planning and misplaced zeal of the National Park Service itself. The only way to save the canal is through wide and vocal opposition to the plan, and thus to extricate the Service from its own commitments.

In 1948, the eightieth Congress, presumably on the recommendation of the agencies concerned, directed a joint reconnaissance survey, by the Bureau of Public Roads of the Department of Commerce and the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior, the purpose of which was to explore "the advisability and practicability of constructing a parkway along the route of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal between Great Falls and Cumberland, Maryland." The resulting report transmitted in August, 1950, by the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, concluded that "it is entirely practicable to construct a parkway along this canal and that it is advisable to do so provided that the necessary additional right-of-way can be obtained." The report recommended that Maryland acquire and deed to the federal government 11,900 acres of private land to provide the necessary width to protect the parkway status of the highway. A Philistine recitation of the "exceptional scenery that deserves the tribute of preservation on a national level," of savings in construction "because of the structures already built which can be utilized," of "an approach to the national capital" in which "it is important and fitting for the national status of the capital area to be so recognized," of "outstanding scenic and historic interest that could be developed on the theme of 'The historic gateway to the westward,'" recognizes some of the values which endear the C and O Canal to us. But the report and recommendation are devoid of any comprehension of how these values should be preserved and enhanced.

The plan for a highway on the prism of the canal would destroy the canal as a his-

toric structure, even if it preserved a strip of real estate. The canal itself would be filled or it would remain as a roadside ditch; indeed, the canal would be eliminated for all but twenty-six miles of its length above Great Falls. The towpath would be graded into the bed of the highway. The aqueducts would become bottleneck bridges. The locks and lockhouses, if they survived, would be little more than unconvincing rest-stop curiosities, in an anachronistic setting.

The National Park Service is surely misguided in assuming that the urgent recreational need is for more motoring highways. The glory of the canal and river lies in its invitation to escape from highway and automobile and to find oneself at peace with nature, and remote from the confusions and frustrations of which highways are the most frantic expression. Such peace and solitude will not exist in picnic area turnouts along a highway noisy with weekend tourists; the Potomac will not roll so majestically to the roar of engines and the drone of tires along the concrete; the historic past will not breathe for those whose lungs are stifled with gasoline fumes.

The original plan of the National Park Service for a highway on the canal from Great Falls to Cumberland encountered so much opposition that it seemed destined to be abandoned. Maryland communities in Montgomery, Frederick and Washington counties were opposed to being by-passed by an express highway. The people in Washington were shocked and aroused by the senseless disregard of historic and scenic values and recreational possibilities. The Maryland State Planning Commission, noting "that recreation development of the Chesapeake and Ohio lands has a relatively low priority in comparison to other developments," was against the plan. The Maryland State Roads Commission's twelve-year road building program made no provision for a roadway along the C and O Canal, but the offer of a free road was not to be turned down, "if it could be

secured by the State of Maryland merely by the state furnishing the right of way and the federal government defraying all construction costs, it would—in the opinion of the State Roads Commission—be a very worthwhile investment." The Maryland Department of Forests and Parks and the Department of Game and Fisheries advised that "rather than buy the land to be turned over for a federal park at a cost which is excessive . . . let us use the same funds to put our own state parks in order," and concluded that the C and O lands should be transferred to Maryland to be used for industrial developments, for hunting and fishing grounds, and for state parks and recreation areas.

To the opposition "for the wrong reasons" from within Maryland, there soon developed other expressions of dissent. A special committee of the National Parks Association noted that the highway plan "failed to give adequate appraisal of the natural values involved" being "made entirely from the viewpoint of benefit to the motorist." "The unique value of this area is the opportunity it offers for hiking, canoeing, birding, and other pursuits made by the individual on his own efforts, and this consideration should be an integral part of any plan prepared for the canal right of way." But after reviewing the evils of the highway plan, the report concluded equivocally, "The committee recognizes that it would be difficult if not impossible to obtain funds from Congress to develop the C and O Canal for increased recreation unless a unified plan of certain feasibility is presented. . . . The parkway proposal represents such an overall plan, and suitably modified, might enable funds to be obtained that could be used to improve present conditions and arrest deterioration. In the absence of a better overall proposal, the committee does not at this time disapprove further exploration of the parkway idea."*

* The National Parks Association's 1951 report dealt with the Potomac Valley between Wash-

But others were more uncompromising in their opposition and more positive in their suggestions. *The Washington Post* column of January 11, 1953, with its plan for an historic and natural recreational park from Washington to Cumberland, aroused wide and diversified approval, both within the valley and from a distance. The District of Columbia Daughters of the American Revolution adopted a resolution calling upon the Congress "to refrain from appropriating any funds whatever for the conversion of the bed of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, either in whole or in part, to one or more motor highways." The Iowa Division of the Izaak Walton League by resolution recommended "that the national officers of the Izaak Walton League . . . be directed to aid and assist in the preservation of the historical, scenic and recreational canal." And in Rhode Island, the *Providence Sunday Journal* picked up the item for a feature article on the threat to this national reservation, with its distinctive possibilities. At a meeting in Washington, May 7, 1953, representatives of more than twenty organizations—local, state and national, naturalist, conservation, civic and historical—constituted themselves the Potomac Valley Conservation and Recreation Council to work for the preservation of the canal and other threatened areas.

Despite mounting opposition, Park Service officials have continued to work for the highway plan. The failure of the Maryland State Road Commission to provide for additional highway improvements in Allegheny and Garrett counties set the stage for a "compromise." With sponsorship from the two western counties, the Maryland legislature passed and, on March 27, the governor signed, a bill to authorize the

acquisition of the necessary lands to permit construction of a fifty-nine-mile highway from Cumberland to Hancock. (Route 40 already connects the two cities directly in only thirty-nine miles.) There also has been some talk of retaining the lower two-thirds of the canal as a natural and historic recreational park. But the proponents of the plan and the compromise, both federal and state, have said confidently, although confidentially, that the building of the first link will make inevitable the completion of the highway to Washington. And in this they are probably right; it will destroy the authentic historic monument. The subterfuge of beginning at Cumberland may succeed, where a forthright announcement of the whole plan were doomed to failure.

This highway from Cumberland to Hancock might be effectively opposed as simply another unjustified raid on the federal Treasury. For a paltry \$325,000 of state expenditures for land acquisitions, Maryland seeks to induce the federal government to spend some \$9,000,000 for highway construction, and an indefinite amount for future maintenance. The highway is not one that Maryland ever would have considered building with its own funds. But construction will proceed unless appropriations are blocked in Congress.

The desecration of the C and O Canal is so great a crime that little attention has been given to the character of the proposed highway. As a motor road, it would serve no economic need. The possibilities of a meandering highway, even if engineered for sixty miles an hour ("with a limitation of fifty miles an hour at seven places"), carrying any considerable volume of Maryland traffic, is dubious. Damage from the notorious floods of the upper river can be more serious to a highway than to a canal or walkway. In winter, drainage from cliffs can make an ice hazard on a river-level road that reduces any advantage over upland routes.

A specific plan for the recreational de-

ington, D. C., and Hancock. In the spring of 1953, Mr. Anthony Wayne Smith, of the Association's Executive Committee, made a study of the river between Hancock and Cumberland. His report, supplementing the earlier one, has been submitted to the committee, and it appears in condensed form elsewhere in this issue.—Editor.

velopment of the Cumberland-Hancock stretch has been worked out by Mr. Anthony Wayne Smith, of the Executive Committee of the National Parks Association, and Mrs. Smith, after a conscientious field survey. Their report has been mimeographed, with detailed maps and recommendations, and has been presented to the National Park Service. It was reprinted in part in *Atlantic Naturalist* for May-August, 1953. Their detailed observations on the adequacy of the existing road system—both for through traffic and for access to the river—make a significant contrast to the hazy generalizations put forward by the highway advocates.

The whole highway scheme is so based on faulty premises that rational analysis is confounded. First, it was devised as a means of raising the real estate value of the tract and clinching National Park Service control of it. Arguments for its useful-

ness as a highway were contrived to fit that purpose; they did not precede it. Maryland accepts the first stretch as a gift from the federal government, but the tax burden will be borne by all of us, even the Marylanders. Cumberland hopes for increased tourists, but fails to note the difference between those riding through and those who would come to stay awhile in a rejuvenated canal park. Through all of this, we detect a fallacy often encountered in city park authorities—the belief that to develop an area for the use of the greatest possible number of people is preferable to developing it for its highest use. There now exist ample roads for those who want only bumper-to-bumper frustration in their free time, and more will be built. But there will not be another C and O Canal and no alternate Potomac for those who cherish the serenity and grandeur of its present wild, quiet reaches.

SUN POINT

(Continued from page 129)

ing, frothing mass of whitecaps and water streamers. The howl of the wind was so loud that it drowned out the roar of Baring Falls. It was pleasant to be in our snug cabin with a warm fire crackling on the hearth. But I had to venture out into the storm that evening to give the Park Service lecture.

Our summer season had come to an end all too soon. We were packed to leave the next day. That last afternoon and evening we experienced a scene that stands out in our memory as symbolic of what our national parks offer in peaceful solitude and inspiration through observing animal life

in natural surroundings. It was at sunset, and the lake had become mirror-like, tinted by the alpine glow reflected from surrounding peaks. As we stood there taking in the beauty of this moment, a mule deer walked quietly down to drink at the water's edge, the reddish color of its summer coat accented by the sunset light. Then two beavers swam along the water's edge with effortless motion, one passing a few feet from where we stood. It left a rippling wake as it passed around the point. When the purple cloak of twilight descended over the lake, we went to the cabin filled with the silent rapture that comes from experiencing the beauty and inspiration of a wilderness scene.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Tannenbaum, of the atomic city of Los Alamos, New Mexico, near Bandelier National Monument, have formed the Los Alamos Outdoor Club. *Panorama*, edited by Kenneth Ewing and associate editors Tom Stephenson and Marion Gibbs, is the club's official paper. The group is in dead earnest about legislation affecting the outdoors, and New Mexico's state and national legislators are hearing from members. At Bandelier, on weekends, they go to the monument to improve trails and build campground fire places to help the Park Service.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE

(Continued from page 130)

Chaco Canyon National Monument, in northwestern New Mexico, we had not seen since 1935. At that time, only Pueblo Bonito had been excavated. Bonito is a wonderful ruin, and it is an inspiring experience to explore it. We now found three more of the monument's great pueblo ruins excavated—Pueblo del Arroyo, Kin Kletso and Chetro Kettle, which is about as large as Bonito itself. Besides these big villages, we also visited Pueblo Peñasco Blanco, Una Vida, Pueblo Alto, Casa Chiquita and Hungo Pavi, all still unexcavated. This national monument is without any doubt, one of the most thrilling of the Park Service's archeological areas. With respect to prehistoric masonry remains, it is second to no other area, Mesa Verde included.

The Service's master plan for Chaco Canyon appears to be quite excellent. At present there is a through road which traverses the main canyon, passing close to several pueblo ruins. The plan is to re-route the through road over the mesa north of the canyon, making a spur road the only access to the ruins in the main canyon. The headquarters and museum would be placed near the take-off point of the spur, thus enabling the staff to give the ruins better protection. We were sorry to note the unfortunate design of the two new residences at the monument, which is in line with the new architectural trend reported in the article *For a Return to Harmony in Park Architecture* in our October-December 1952 issue.

At Santa Fe, we dropped in at the Service's Region Three office to chat with earlier acquaintances and to meet other members of the staff. In the big drafting room, an interesting conversation was had with a number of staff architects and planners.

At Bandelier National Monument, just north of Santa Fe, we spent two days exploring the scenic Frijoles Canyon and the prehistoric remains there, as well as the Otowi part of the monument, a separate

section which we did not see in 1935. We stayed at the campground two nights. While preparing supper the first evening, four or five handsome striped skunks called on us. They were friendly, and one of them took bread from the hand. The second evening, the skunks came again, and with them, at an adjacent vacant camp site, a gray fox. Early in the morning a trio of big gray Abert squirrels romped through the camp. These squirrels are especially beautiful with their huge light-colored tails and long ear tufts. The cottonwood trees in the campground were alive with birds, too, among which we saw a flock of evening grosbeaks and a flight of Audubon's warblers.

A few days later, we drove through the little village of Capulin, New Mexico, and, of course, stopped in for a chat with Superintendent Homer Farr of Capulin Mountain National Monument, whom we had not seen since the summer of 1950.

In southern Oklahoma, we spent two grand days at Wichita Mountains National Wildlife Refuge. We went almost all over the area, winding among the valleys and granite hills, seeing herds of bison, a number of elk, white-tail deer, antelope, raccoons and numerous birds, including a chuck-wills-widow, a soaring flock of migrating Mississippi kites and Franklin's gulls. We have never visited magnificent Kruger National Park in Africa, but we believe that the effect in this refuge of seeing all these animals roaming free and wild over the landscape must somewhat suggest that great African park.

At White River National Wildlife Refuge, in eastern Arkansas, we spent one day seeing the river and walking to one of the small cypress-rimmed lakes deep in the forest. This refuge is primarily for migrating waterfowl. However, it was of special interest to us because of its similarity to the Tensas Swamp, in Louisiana. Association members will recall the bitter struggle a few years ago to save the Tensas, which finally was lost to a lumber company. It

was the last sizeable area of typical southern bottomland hardwood forest, with the Tensas River winding in ox-bows through it. Actually, White River Refuge is only a hundred miles north of the Tensas area. Here are miles of ox-bows, hidden lakes and a huge forest in some parts of it. Unfortunately, the forest is not primeval; but the significant thing is that, under the protection that the Fish and Wildlife Service can give it, it will be only a matter of time before this forest will regain its former proportions. Even today, there are towering giants there, and tangles of vines clambering into the tree tops. Here we saw and heard the big pileated woodpecker, and yellow-throated and prothonotary warblers.

At Reelfoot Lake National Wildlife Refuge, in western Tennessee, we went by boat through the watery forest of cypresses. Although much smaller than the superb Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge in Georgia, it is quite similar in appearance. The refuge is in three separate areas, occupying only about one-third of the lake.

At Kentucky Woodlands National Wildlife Refuge, in western Kentucky, we had almost continuous rain. In spite of this, we saw a lot of the refuge, which provides sanctuary for turkeys and white-tail deer and, during migration, for waterfowl. It is a fine wooded, rolling upland, with lowlands along the Cumberland River on the east side.

Rain continued during two days at Mammoth Cave National Park, Kentucky. However, one does not worry much about rain in a cave. We took the cave trip to Echo River, where visitors go aboard the boats and "cruise" a few hundred feet. On another trip, we visited the pits and domes and Frozen Niagara. The park's above ground area is very beautiful, being mostly wooded, with the gorge of Green River winding through it. It is a grand nature

sanctuary for plants, birds and mammals.

Just north of Roanoke, Virginia, we drove onto the Blue Ridge Parkway. With slightly improved weather conditions, we saw the parkway at its best, for the purple rhododendrons and the azaleas were in full bloom. A night at Big Meadows Campground, in Shenandoah National Park was the last of the trip.

We drove over 19,000 miles in our own car since leaving Washington on April 3, 1952, and visited forty Park Service areas, as well as thirty Fish and Wildlife Service areas. The mileage does not include eight one-way transcontinental train trips commuting between Washington, D. C., and the West during the year.

It seems fitting to point out here that, from two standpoints, the trip has proved of great value: First, it gave the Association first hand acquaintance with many areas, including too many of them that heretofore had not been visited by a representative of the Association, and it has given the Association first hand information about the many local problems in the areas. Secondly, dozens of members of the Park Service's field staffs were met. Among these men, there were those who were well informed about our Association and its work, and who regularly see and read our magazine. On the other hand there was a surprisingly large number of them who either merely knew of the existence of the Association or had never heard of it at all. No opportunity was lost to acquaint these men with our work. This was done verbally, as well as by giving out copies of the magazine, often copies of a number of issues to one person, and even occasionally a copy of our book. Through these contacts, there unquestionably has been built up a vastly wider understanding in the Service about our work, our objectives and the part we play in the field of nature protection.

Our hats are off to the editors of *The Saturday Evening Post* for publishing *Tourists Who Act Like Pigs*, by Huntington Smith, May 30, 1953 issue. We have yet to read a better exposé of the vandalism to which the parks are being subjected by visitors.

THE PARKS AND CONGRESS

The 83rd Congress to July 1, 1953

Hearings were held on the stockmen's bills, H. R. 4023 and S. 1491, by the House and Senate subcommittees on Public Lands, May 20 to 25. Representatives of various livestockmen's associations and of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States spoke in favor of the bills, while more than a hundred organizations and individuals submitted testimony opposing them. The committees had received a flood of protests from all over the country that showed national sentiment on this issue. The evidence was so strongly against the legislation, that it is likely it will remain in committee; if it does reach the floor, there should be enough disapproval there to defeat it. It will be helpful if every member of Congress understands the significance of these bills and how his constituents view them.

Hearings have not been called on H. R. 1037, which would confer national park status on Dinosaur National Monument and clarify the illegality of the proposed Echo Park and Split Mountain dams. Consideration of this measure, for which there has been strong national support, will probably be deferred until the next session of Congress. H. R. 1038, reaffirming Congress' intent that water development structures in or adversely affecting any national park or monument shall not be authorized, will also await later action.

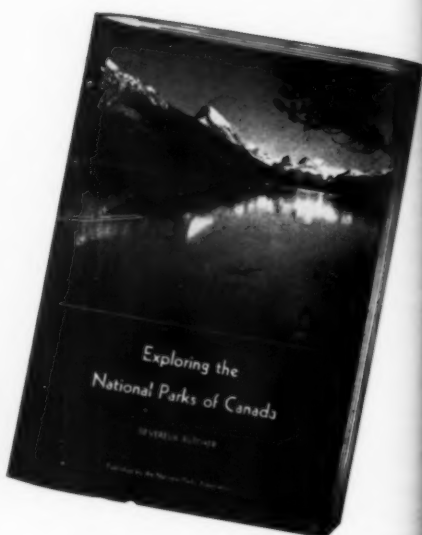
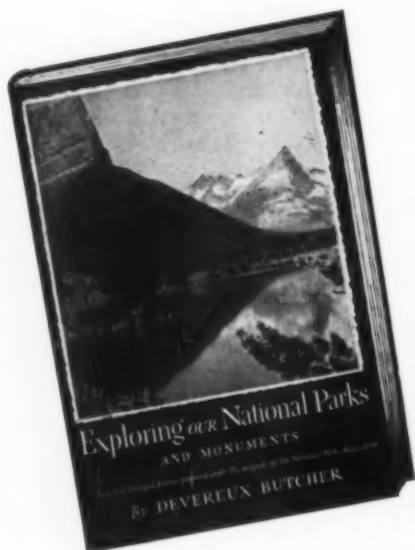
Governor Langlie, of Washington, has appointed a committee to advise him about the desirability of recommending changes in the boundaries of Olympic National Park to remove part or all of the great rain forest so that it may be subjected to clear-cutting for commercial purposes. Legislation for this has not yet been introduced into Congress, but it almost certainly will appear after this committee issues its report. If the report favors the position of the local lumber companies, it will be necessary to marshal defense of this great park, as was done in 1947, when the attack was more subtle, but aimed at the same objective.

H. R. 210 (Angell) To amend "An Act for the Protection of the Bald Eagle." Before the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries.—Federal protection would be extended to the bald eagle in Alaska, as well as in the United States. The territorial legislature has repealed the bounty on these birds, removing the principal incentive for killing them; but it has placed a bounty on the wolverine, one of the rarest and most extraordinary animals on the continent.

H. R. 1815 (D'Ewart) Amends the Recreation Act of June 14, 1936, to include other purposes and to permit non-profit organizations to lease sections of the public domain. Passed the House, amended; sent to the Senate.—This would permit transfer of tracts of public lands of not more than 640 acres in a year to state and local governments for recreational purposes, or lease to non-profit organizations. Small areas that cannot now be administered efficiently by the federal government could be protected and used for proper purposes. The act would not apply to national forests, national parks, national monuments or Indian lands.

H. R. 5358 (Hope) To protect the surface values within the national forests. Before the House Committee on Agriculture.—This bill is similar to **S. 783**, described in our April-June 1953 issue. It is designed to correct flaws in the mining laws that permit filing of mining claims to tie up timber, obtain private homesites and other fraudulent purposes.

H. J. Res. 261 (Dondero) and **S. J. Res. 69** (Young) Directs the Secretary of the Interior to estimate the cost of restoring Ford's Theater to conditions as they were on April 14, 1865, when President Lincoln was shot there. Referred to the Committees on Interior and Insular Affairs.—Ford's Theater is a National Park Service museum. The proposal is to restore the stage, boxes and other appurtenances that formed the setting for the event that made it famous.



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